

# Ladies' LITERARY Museum



"Requiring, with various taste, things widely different from each other."

## Adventures of a Night.

A ROMANCE. (Continued.)

of St. Clair, or that which 'James Kiston wrote on a little bit of fine sheet with a nail dipped in the blood which he had drawn from his arm.'<sup>1</sup> 'What appears to me the strangest part of that event,' said Dob, animated by one of those reflections which occasionally crossed his mind; 'what surprises me the most in this story, altho extraordinary enough in itself, is the cleverness with which James Kiston contrives to make a very little bit of linen contain a recital of 66 pages, to write it with a nail, and to find superfluous blood enough in his veins to suffice for the composition of his poem. As Mr. Dob's remarks were meant only for himself, he extended them no further; but continued his examination, 'and discovered a silk purse. Perceiving that it contained something larger than coin, he examined it. At the bottom of the purse was a small packet; having taken out which and unfolded paper after paper, he found it to be an ivory case, containing the miniature of a lady. He started!<sup>2</sup> He seized it with avidity, and attentively examined the features; it resembled a female about the age of twenty-two; the countenance overspread with a deep melancholy. Dignity, courage, and resignation were expressed in the eyes, which were directed towards heaven. In contemplating this head, so expressive of grace and sensibility, it was impossible not to conclude that the original must have experienced the most heart-rending afflictions. 'The same!' exclaimed Mr. Dob, 'which I beheld in the large saloon.' As he uttered these words he unfolded a packet of letters, which were bound together by a ribbon, on which was embroidered the letters U. and G. They were written in a female hand. Dob was charmed with the hand writing. After having look-

ed over two or three, he was still more delighted with the style. The writer appeared to be a young woman, complaining to her lover of the harshness with which she was treated. Upon the back of one of the letters were traced these lines—'Whosoever thou art, if vice or crime have not hardened thy heart; if misfortunes have any claims on thee,'<sup>3</sup> 'seek in the secret drawer, beneath the others, and you will behold my persecutor. 'Who can this monster be?' said Dob, almost in a rage; 'he must be Montoni, Schedoni, Rasoni, Mazzini, d'Ollifont, Perkins, Ravillon, Montalte, and la Motte, all put together; for I would, without any hesitation, give Emily, Celestini, Ellena, Sabina, Julia, Matilda, Adelina, and all the rest of them, for this unfortunate young woman, who has quite bewitched me.' The drawer was all this time half open, but Mr. Dob who made it a rule to do but one thing at a time, finished his harangue before he looked into it. The reader may judge with what mingled sensations of surprise and shame he recognised his own resemblance. 'I should be glad to know, said he with a voice trembling with agitation, 'who can have placed my picture in the secret drawer of a cabinet in a south-western tower? And as for her who complains of me, if I could guess what she has to reproach me with——' Before he had time to say more, a soft voice, which appeared to be somewhat near him, uttered these words:—'You will find your victim, and then remember your promise!' Anxious to behold the possessor of a voice, whose tones touched his very heart, he looked around him, but could perceive nothing. 'Directly opposite to the cabinet was a pier glass of uncommon size. He turned his eyes towards it; the objects which it reflected were but dimly seen. He sighed: the sigh was answered. He trembled; and he thought it might be the young person whom he sought, but was

soon convinced he was mistaken. He heard it again; he thought it certainly could not be fancy. It was repeated a third time.<sup>4</sup> 'Odds-sighs and groans!' exclaimed our hero, impatiently, again turning towards the cabinet to continue his researches, 'people never sigh three times following for nothing; speak, or shew yourself!' At the same time in the glass he beheld a human face, pale and hideous! it frowned upon him with his brow, while its mouth uttered, 'seek no further!'<sup>5</sup> 'grinned horribly a ghastly smile,' and disappeared.

#### CHAP. II.

Mr. Dob was horror struck, but not so much so as he had been on withdrawing the curtain from the niche in the saloon: 'he once more ventured to raise his eyes towards the mirror where he had beheld the dreadful visage, but it was gone. He felt a desperate courage.'<sup>6</sup> Finding himself alone, he ventured to reflect on the apparition he had just witnessed. 'This 'human figure' is *hoaxing* me,' said he, after a moment's pause, and he again approached the cabinet. 'This little golden key was not sent me for nothing; and I am convinced I have still many interesting discoveries to make.' He at this very instant remarked a drawer which was in a more concealed situation than the rest. On opening it he discovered a black velvet bag, which appeared to contain a parcel: the color of the former did not invite his inspection: after endeavoring to guess at its contents by feeling the outside, his curiosity conquered his fear. With trembling hands he untied the silver cord by which it was fastened; 'it contained only a piece of ribbon, one end of which shewed its remainder had been parted by force.'<sup>7</sup> From it was suspended a cross, on which a few spots of blood were visible. Mr. Dob, recognizing this cross to be the one which the chevalier de Germeuil had worn even to the day of his death, pushed it from him with horror. He found also in the drawer 'a small roll of parchment, which was filled with writing, and though in some measure defaced by time, with some little pains it was easily to be read.' The language was French; but what were Mr. Dob's feelings when he beheld the chevalier's name at the bottom! 'a sudden faintness seized him, and he sunk into an arm-chair.'<sup>8</sup> It was not long before he recollected that this writing was placed there in order to be read; and he began to unroll it. 'What a pity,' said he, 'that instead of one night, I should not be obliged to pass one month in the south-western tower! what with this manuscript, and other curiosities, I could find plenty of employment; this parchment alone would occupy me four nights, which is precisely the time that Adeline took to read the one she found 'in a heap of rubbish which seemed to be old furni-

ture.'<sup>9</sup> This same Adeline knew at least how to keep the reader in suspense; and she was much more worthy of shining in Radcliffes, than that silly little Matilda, who records all in a breath, the manuscript which she finds in 'the cabinet which was ornamented by gilded figures, somewhat blackened by damp.' However, let us see what this contains.' At the moment when Mr. Dob drew the parchment nearer to his eye, in order to decypher a word which was rather effaced, 'he thought he heard a sigh; his imagination refused any longer the control of reason, and turning his eyes, a figure, whose exact form he could not distinguish, appeared to pass along an obscure part of the chamber.' 'Oh! Oh!'<sup>10</sup> said he with astonishment, 'that is an appearance of which I suppose I shall never know the meaning, any more than Adeline did of that which she saw, while reading her father's manuscript.' As he said these words with a smile, 'he indistinctly saw the stern features of a man directly over his shoulder. The lamp burnt pale, and the sudden horror that possessed his mind fixed him in mute astonishment. He remained a few moments in this dreadful state, when he heard a sort of stilly rustling in the chamber, which was followed by a profound silence. Again he had courage to raise his eyes; the grim visage was no longer at his shoulder.'<sup>11</sup> 'By the face of the corps which Marco Torma found in the sack, belonging to the man who lodged in his house,'<sup>12</sup> cried Mr. Dob, 'what in the world is the meaning of all these figures? I suppose they are some of those, who always come troubling people, when, like me, they are reading old manuscripts. I wonder now, if I am to meet with as many adventures as poor Sabina. However, I am not much inclined to such everlasting journeys as she took, only to look for adventures; in the mean time I shall go on reading: 'Oh! father of mercy—oh, is thy thunder to crush to the earth those who disgrace thy heavenly image? My brother! my niece! I see ye, I clasp ye! Oh! my soul! they are but figures, sent from hell to torment me.'<sup>13</sup> 'My brother, mayest thou enjoy, longer than I have done, an existence, of which the hand of fate is about to deprive thy unfortunate brother! mayest thou drop a tear to my memory, and sometime visit the sad spot where I shall have breathed my last.' Here Mr. Dob heard 'another stilly rustling,' and beheld 'another pale and haggard form, which crossed with measured steps the obscurity of the chamber.' This figure had neither the bloody winding-sheets, nor any of the usual costume; but it was habited in a long robe of state, and on its head was an enormous perriwig; the hair, which, as black as jet, was standing erect, and without powder, gave to the 'yellow hyæna'



countenance an additional horror. 'It approached a large alcove; in the back part was a bed, of which the form and the gilded pillars bespoke at once poverty and riches.'<sup>14</sup> 'Oh!' said Mr. Dob, on remarking this inconsistency; 'this is what I call *shabby genteel*!' The figure proceeded to raise the curtains, and to tie them up with bands of crape. Mr. Dob had no hesitation in believing this to be the shade of the president; he was preparing to cast down the parchment and flee! when the phantom made him a grievous sign to remain, and continue his occupation; at the same time sinking through the floor at the foot of the bed leaving behind him a powerful scent,<sup>15</sup> and a thick smoke. Almost as much alarmed by this apparition as he had been by the object which he had seen in the niche of the saloon, Mr. Dob made an effort to recover himself, and continued his reading. 'Ursula! daughter of a beloved brother, thou art yet but an infant; the age for happiness will arrive to thee, and may thy youthful days be clouded by no storms—may some benevolent voice speak to thee of thine uncle, who will watch over his Ursula from the abode whither his soul has flown—yes, beloved child, should the hand of misfortune ever fall heavy upon thee, I could pardon even my murderer himself, if it was he who restored thee to happiness; if his extended hand saved thee from the precipice; but woe to him who should strip thee of thine inheritance! woe to him who should aggravate to thee the strokes of fate! my avenging shade shall pursue him even to the infernal regions.'

Mr. Dob could not refrain from dwelling a moment upon this last paragraph. While he was thus plunged in meditation, he again heard a movement in the room, and turning his eyes towards the bed, he there saw a female form, who to 'a skin of dazzling whiteness, joined that style of person with which Raphael adorns his heavenly beings. Her fine hair in natural ringlets, her blue eyes, in which were painted the softness of her soul, while the long eye-lashes by which they were shaded, gave to them an additional expression of sweetness; her open forehead seemed the seat of candour, to which was added a smile, which gave her the appearance of one of those ideal beauties, who till then seemed only to have existed in the regions of imagination.'<sup>16</sup> 'Her form had the airy lightness of a nymph, and when she smiled, her countenance might have been drawn for the young-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

- |                            |                    |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. The Tomb.               | 11. Hubert de Sev. |
| 2. Udolpho.                | 12. Italian.       |
| 3. Tomb.                   | 13. G. Abbey.      |
| 4. Grasv. Abbey.           | 14. Tomb.          |
| 5, 6. Hubert de Sevrac.    | 15. Celestine.     |
| 7, 8. G. Abbey.            | 16. Tomb.          |
| 9, 10. Rom. of the Forest. |                    |

## LADIES' LITERARY MUSEUM.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. C. LEWIS,  
No. 164, South Eleventh Street.

Philadelphia:

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1818.

## OBITUARY.

"Each moment has its sickle, emulous  
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep  
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays  
His little weapon in the narrow sphere  
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down  
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss."

Departed from this transitory existence, about half past 6 o'clock, last Friday morning, in the 57th year of her age, MRS. ELIZABETH ANN LEWIS, wife of Mr. Samuel Lewis. She has left an afflicted husband, in the winter of his age, to deplore her irreparable loss, and a numerous offspring to lament their bereavement from one of the best and most affectionate of mothers, whose virtues they can never forget: But *her* memory rests not on newspaper panegyric,—her praise will be on the tongue of every acquaintance, and her eulogy engraven on the hearts of all her relatives.

"For what is this escutcheon'd world,  
Which hangs out Death in one eternal night?  
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,  
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud!  
Life's little stage is a small eminence,  
Inch-high the grave above, that home of man,  
Where dwells the multitude; we gaze around,  
We read their monuments, we sigh, and while  
We sigh we sink, and are what we deplored;  
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!"

"Shall I too weep! where then is fortitude?  
And, fortitude abandon'd, where is man?"

### "Utile Dulce."

"THE MIND MAY BE 'AMUSED' INTO IMPROVEMENT."

[ By our Letter-Box. ]

### GRATITUDE.

*Mr. Lewis*—Altho the term "Gratitude" is rather a trite subject, yet when a distinguished instance occurs, it should be received.

I lately heard an extraordinary instance, which shows that this inestimable virtue is not extinct even among those who are considered as being devoid of it.

When the late Gen. B. was sheriff of this city, an attorney called at his office, and producing a judgment for several hundred dollars, requested that an immediate execution should be issued. B. being busy at the moment, told him, it should be done according to his desire. Before the gentleman had left the room, however, happening to cast his eye on the paper, the General exclaimed, "execution shall never be issued against this person." The declaration astonished the attorney, but he was soon relieved from his suspense by another exclamation to his clerk—"Draw a check for the amount and have a release signed." It was accordingly done, and the business settled. On being asked the reason of this extraordinary procedure, the venerable sheriff informed, that during the American revolution, when he was a captain in the service and encamped with General Washington at Valley Forge, he obtained a furlough to visit his family which he had left near Philadelphia. Proceeding on his journey, he arrived at the spot and found the house had been burned by the British, and his wife and three children in the woods without any shelter, and with but scanty clothing. In this dilemma, he was compelled to place his family in an old cart, with a decrepid horse to draw it, for the purpose of proceeding to a friend's house at a considerable distance. It was on a cold night, in the latter end of December. After proceeding a short distance, in this uncomfortable situation, a person in uniform on horseback, met them, and enquired the cause of their miserable state. On being informed, he dismounted, took from his saddle his *only blanket*, and covering the half frozen inmates of the

cart with it, re-mounted and rode off. I scarcely need tell you, (added Gen. B.) that the same person whom I just now saved from being in his old age, turned out, exposed to wind and weather, was the individual who sheltered to the best of his power my wife and helpless children in that tempestuous night. With these words he turned away, leaving his auditors full of admiration of this noble and disinterested conduct.

Yet, Mr. Editor, this same Gen. B. lived to see himself neglected by those, "who had been cherished by his bounty;" and it is a well known fact, that many who profited by his liberality, were the first to blame what *they* termed his prodigality, and that too, when the flavor of the wine drank at his expense had scarcely evaporated from their lips; and when the results of his beneficence were enjoyed by those who availed themselves of his widely expanded generosity—but, he possessed a loftiness of soul, which disdained even to reflect on such miscreants, and died, as he lived, honest and upright.

SENEX.

### "ROB ROY."

Who is the author? is a reiterated question. A Philadelphian editor has sagely supposed, that it was written by an American. In this, he must be grossly mistaken. The title-page expressly mentions, that it was written by the author of *Guy Manering*, *Waverly*, &c. which publications are attributed to Walter Scott, esq.; and certainly, there is a similarity in language and incident in *Rob Roy*, which would authorise the supposition.

An American, unless he had resided a considerable time in Scotland, could not have attained the *perfect* knowledge of the idioms, the customs, the manners, and other various minutiae, which are delineated in this interesting work.

It appears, however, strange, that in the publication of a work of fiction, concealment should be required, as the majority of novel writers scribble for *livelihood*,—but, perhaps it may be for the interest of booksellers to *keep the public mind awake!*

ALPINE.

## Pathetic.

[By our Letter-Box.]

## ALBERT, THE ROMANTIC ENTHUSIAST.

*A TALE.....concluded.*

In this place, Albert assumed an entire different character, for some time; appearing careless and independent of all in the world. But in five or six months, all his former feelings awoke again into being. Having become acquainted with an English family, so very similar to his own, in respect to change of fortune and situation in life, that every feeling of his soul was born anew. When he left his home, he thought no one could surpass his amiable Maria, and few could equal: but, alas! in this he was born to be deceived. One of this family he found surpassed her. Judge of her worth who could first banish from his bosom an affection he had resolved never to forget, and then to inspire a greater in its room. She must have come as near to perfection as human nature would permit. All the virtuous sensations he had ever felt for the first object he now felt for the second, with the addition of all the additional accomplishments her perfectly finished mind created. Experiencing a better fortune here in pecuniary concerns, and having a secret prospect in view that would have rendered him, in a short time, a handsome competency for life, and being wholly unable to control an affection such a being inspired, he revealed all the secret of his soul to her, and implored the unspeakable blessing of her heart and hand. But, alas! such a blessing as that was too great for Albert. Had he obtained the universally beloved Amelia, such was his love, he would have worshipped, adored her, made her his idol! and forgot his God! His Omniscient Lenient Father saw his error: and, in mercy to his soul, dashed from his lips the fatal cup, ere he tasted the bewildering draught! Loving her to the greatest refinement of love, he sought a return: Amelia wept: and, in fainting accents, told him, she esteemed him greatly, thought him worthy of a being worthier than herself, and wished him, O! so sincerely wished him happy! but that it was not in her power to make him so; that he should always have her highest esteem and friendship, but that she dare not love; she was engaged to another, and gratitude chained her promise! This disclosure was worse than death to Albert. It was more than he could bear. He had seen Heaven

opening to his view; he had prepared to enter; and just as he approached the gate, it shut forever on his sight! In losing Amelia he felt as losing part of himself! Hope had no sooner tuned his soul to ecstasy, and raised him to the bliss of Heaven, than Despair cut the strings, and plunged him in the tortures of Hell! Unable to conceal his misery, he gave vent to his feelings; and the scene was too much for the sensitive heart of the amiable Amelia! Sympathy for his pain overcame her! Recovering, she said, Oh, do not, do not, despair! you have my friendship, and I esteem you far above the one to whom gratitude alone made me pledge myself! and some other maid may make you as happy as I wish you. This for some time deprived him of utterance. Intently looking on her, he at last articulated, Impossible! farewell! I must away forever! and was tearing himself from her, in the greatest agitation, when she impatiently asked, Oh, where, tell me where you are going? stifling her emotion of fear, for she well knew the extent of his sensibility. Any where, every where, where I can die the soonest, and leave a world in which I have known nothing but misery! an outcast, a wanderer, in search of death, over this rough unfeeling earth! he answered, and flew from her arms, leaving her most dreadfully agitated....full of the most dreadful forebodings.

This last and greatest disappointment, was productive of the unhappiest effects on this miserable mortal. The idea of any one feeling unhappy on his account, pained him as much as the loss of all hopes of his own happiness. He was now in an actual state of despair. He could see no ray of hope in this world for him; and he had nothing left to endear him to life any longer. He had long wandered in search of flowers, but found nothing but thorns; save a few solitary rose-buds, which, in attempting to pluck, instantly faded from his sight, on the approach of his hand. In this despairing state, he wandered near Amelia's dwelling, a few days after she had revealed to him the impossibility of her ever being united to him. She was sitting at the window. He saw her. She looked at him, as he passed. Their eyes met. And he saw such a melancholy on her placed countenance, such a tender tear of feeling in her melting eye, and such a sympathising compassion in her expressive features, that the thought of her being so miserable on his account, cut him to the soul; and he found his life unsupportable, and immedi-



ately resolved to leave the world. But fearing this act might prove fatal to the compassionate Amelia, he determined she should never suspect any thing of the kind. Accordingly, he wrote her an affectionate farewell, telling her he intended to travel, and to leave M—— in a short time, never to return; and concluded with the following lines, which he composed at the time he passed her window, and which were the last he ever wrote:—

### TO AMELIA.

" Oh! do not look on me so pensively tender,  
Lest the heart that adores you should melt at its shrine;

Oh! brighten those eyes too-expressively beaming,  
And heed not the tear that's now sully'g mine!

For the thought of your feeling one pang for my sorrow,

Fresh opens the wounds that have outwardly heal'd;  
And the heart that is broken, afflicted forever,  
Feels doubly acute the barb'd thorns it conceal'd.

Oh! let me then see you look happy and cheerful,  
As gay as you was ere Fate forced us to part;  
And no longer so meltingly tearful with feeling,  
Let pity for me force one sigh from your heart.

And *then* all the sighs in *my* bosom I'll smother,  
And check all the waves of regret as they roll;  
While the rose-leaves of joy shall smilingly cover  
The thorn that's eternally wounding my soul."

For a few days after this, he appeared lively and happy. That settled melancholly on his countenance, which before too plainly indicated the ravages of grief, and marked the remains of a broken heart, now appeared usurped by the serene smiles of resignation, and the gaiety of contentment. With this disguise, he took a last farewell of the tender Amelia, and all his acquaintances, one evening about the middle of ....., under his pretence of travelling, telling them he should depart the next morning. He spoke too true. The next morning he departed from—the world! On that day, about his usual hour of breakfasting, he was found in his chamber, deprived of all sense of misery or pleasure; by a poignard pierced thro his bleeding heart. No longer alive to the shifting scenes of this transitory life. Lifeless to every thing; dead to friends and foes.

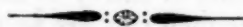
For this last act of his life, few will plead for him, many condemn him: But it is of little consequence, now, what his sentence may be,....for he is no more.

The particulars of this truly unfortunate young man's life may, perhaps, at some future day, be made known. But, at present, for many weighty reasons, they are suppressed. *Who* Albert was, must not yet be told: and *where* the particular incidents of his life took place, must remain secret. *What* he was, enough has already been said to show,....an orphan child of **FEELING** whom **MISFORTUNE** had adopted as her own.

Suffice it to say, for the present, he was born of the most reputable parents in England, in affluence, and ended his existence in America, in poverty, at the age of about three-and-twenty; without ever experiencing (it may be truly said, altho he possessed such a very contented and humble disposition,) what is commonly termed happiness, since the period he lived as a school-boy.

Were all the numerous sorrows and misfortunes of this man written together, the "catalogue of human woes" would be too great for recital, and the gloomy side of life appear too dark: they could not gain credit, and would be judged too great and numerous for any man possibly to bear. But altho his sensibility was so very acute, yet every perplexity and disappointment in pecuniary concerns, and every persecution he met with, he endured with astonishing christian resignation and manly fortitude:—his feelings were only so tenderly alive where *the softer passions* were interested.

But his heart, once so susceptible, is now dead to all sense of feeling. He is no more alive to the fragrance of the scarce roses of life, nor to the wounds of the numerous thorns. His bosom has ceased to heave in sympathy for the distressed; and his eye no longer weeps at the tale of woe. His remains rest in silence, and no one knows where they moulder, save **HIS FRIEND.**



Those who know little of real Love or Grief, do not know how much we deceive ourselves when we pretend to aim at the cure of either. It is with these, as it is with some distempers of the body,—nothing is agreeable to us but what serves to heighten the disease.

To relieve the oppressed, is the most glorious act a man is capable of performing; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.



### Apollonian Asylum.

[By our Letter-Box.]

#### TO MARIE.

Sweet fair, there was a blissful time, my anxious breast,  
Anticipated mutual rural love;  
Yes, yes, with thee, I fondly hoped I would be blest,  
And every joy of innocence improve.

O, yes! my imagination painted to my view,  
In gayest colors, each delightful scene;  
The rosy morning's walk, across each field of dew,  
And every blooming and bespangled green.

O! I could see you seated in the shady bow'rs,  
Reading thy name engrav'd on every tree;  
To pass away the heavy, sultry, noon-tide hours,  
While oft, perhaps, thy thoughts would dwell on me.

And, when grey-mantled Eve prepares for dark-  
cloth'd Night,  
We'd stray, together, by the water's side,  
Whose waves would kiss the farewell rays of Phœ-  
bus' light,  
And mark the awful charms of Nature's pride.

And there we'd see the gentle shepherds, to'ards  
their home,  
Returning with their tender bleating care;  
While, from each cot, to meet their lovers, roam,  
Fresh in their innocence, the village fair.

Then, on the moss-green bank, beside the purling  
streams,  
We'd sit, and gayly sing the hours away;  
Until the cheering moon would dart pellucid beams,  
Thro the green bow'rs, and with thy beauties play.

And then towards our rural cot we'd bend our way,  
And hear a shepherd tune his pipe to love;  
Melting his fair one's tender heart with music's  
sway,  
While on the green the merry dancers move.

And, when arriv'd within our peaceful cot of love,  
I'd sit, in rapture, by thy beauteous side,  
While you would charm me with 'My Cottage in  
the Grove,'  
At once my joy, my bliss, and only pride.

And while thus rapt with pleasure, in each other  
blest,  
We'd bend to Him above an humble knee;  
And then, in ecstasy, retire to Nature's rest,  
And dream—to-morrow will as happy be!

Presumptuous youth! to think that joy's so easy  
bought!  
To think such bliss as this could e'er be thine!  
How could I harbor in my bosom such a thought,  
To think that you, fair MARIE, could be mine!

Away, delusive Hope! usurp her throne, Despair!  
For thou art welcome to my tortur'd breast!  
And fly, ye Loves, with happiness, to her so fair,  
To her, who now deprives my soul of rest!

For, O, fair MARIE, tho thy nuptial vows are giv'n,  
To one dear youth, far happier than me,  
May his heart *feel* that joy, that blissful heav'n,  
That I *anticipated* once with thee!

MARIE, tho misery's *my* lot, and pleasure *thine*,  
Yet, still, to thee my heart this truth shall tell:  
That, true as heav'n, his love, perhaps, may equal  
mine,  
But ah! it never, never, can excell!

TYRO.

#### SONG.—TO ELLEN.

The sun shall fail to light the dawn,  
The birds to greet the rising morn,  
The dew to gem the smiling lawn,  
When I prove false to thee, love!

The rose of May no more shall blow,  
The murmur'ing stream refuse to flow,  
The heart renounce affection's glow,  
When thou'rt not dear to me, love!

Oh! then, while morning beams are bright,  
And birds salute the welcome light,  
And dew-drops glisten in the sight,  
Believe me true to thee, love!

Nor doubt, while May's sweet roses blow,  
And streams in murmur'ing cadence flow,  
And hearts still feel affection's glow,  
Thou wilt be all to me, love!

A.

## TO HER WHOSE NAME IT BEARS.

Encircled in so fair a form;  
Like gems of brightest hue,  
In richest settings most adorn:  
So virtue shines in you!  
Alas! that fate no more would give  
Beyond the distant gaze;  
Excluded from those charms I live  
To number hours and silent grieve—  
Hapless I pen these lays!

T. P.

## THE WORM.

Enjoy, vain Man, the feast to-day:  
The present hour will soon be past,  
The laden board will pass away,  
The Worm will feed on thee at last.

Quick circle round the goblet flood:  
To-day the banquet brims for thee;  
To-morrow he will pledge thy blood,  
In dark sepulchral revelry.

Rich are the dainties that he knows:  
From beauty's pale lip sips the dew,  
Diets upon her velvet rose,  
And eats the heart of valor thro.

He shall impress an icy kiss,  
Where warmer lovers vainly sigh'd:  
The secrets of that heart are his,  
Where never yet observer pryed.

And, if within the sage's brain  
Of learning past remaineth aught;  
He'll wander thro and thro again,  
And trace the labyrinth of thought.

Yet start not, slumberer; he will creep,  
Light as a feather o'er thy breast;  
Nor mar one moment of thy sleep—  
An harmless, inoffensive guest.

Unfelt, as Time's light shadow flies,  
Even to thyself the change unknown;  
The worm that 'gnaws, and never dies,'  
Exists in *living* breasts alone.

## WISDOM.

First, in the morn of life, be wise,  
Then will the eve of age be merry:  
Tis Wisdom teaches to despise  
Those *trifles* which the grave must bury.

## A TALE.

An Irishman travelling (tho not for delight)  
Arriv'd in this city, one cold winter's night;  
Found the landlord and servants in bed at the inn,  
While standing without, he was drench'd to the skirt:  
He grop'd for the knocker, no knocker was found,  
When turning his head accidentally round,  
He saw, as he thought, by the lamp's feeble ray,  
The object he search'd for right over the way.  
The knocker he grasp'd and so loud was the roar,  
It seem'd like a sledge breaking open the door.  
The street far and wide, was disturb'd by the clang,  
And resounded aloud with the Irishman's bang;  
The wife scream'd aloud, and the husband appears  
At the window, his shoulders shrugg'd up to his ears:  
So ho! honest friend! pray what is the matter?  
Why disturb me at this time with such noisy clatter?  
Go to bed—go to bed, do, says Pat, my dear honey,  
I am not a robber to ask for your money;  
I borrow'd your knocker, before it is day,  
To waken the landlord right over the way.

## STANZAS.—Translated from the French.

On yon smooth surface dare not tarry,  
By winter's icy breath congeal'd;  
Pass on, with footsteps light and wary,—  
Beneath you, Danger lies conceal'd.

Thus lightly tread where Pleasure, smiling,  
Decoys you on her slippery way;  
Beneath a surface so beguiling,  
Grim Ruin waits to seize his prey.

EXTEMPORE, on being asked, by a young lady,  
"What this world was like?"

This world is a prison in every respect,  
Whose walls are the heavens in common;  
The garden is sin, and the prisoners men,  
And the fetters are nothing but——WOMEN.

## Terms of Subscription.

For a Year, - - \$ 3 00. | Half a Year, \$ 1 75.  
Three Months, \$ 1 00. | One Month, 37½ cents.  
*Payment in advance.*